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20865 THE NEW BRUNSWICK MUSEUM

6

A Happy New Year.

THE

# NEWS-BOY'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF

# The New Dominion

AND TRUE HUMORIST.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
When News-boy's rhymes are plentiful, and geese and turkeys dear.
From door to door the News-boy goes, soliciting his cents,
And showing how the Muses nine have suffered violence.
The custom is an honored one, so murmur not, I pray,
At being called upon for cash upon this holiday.
"You pays your money and you takes" the News-boy's brief address,
Which wishes every one of you a gush of happiness;
He pays his best respects, and you will pay a trifle small,
To show him that you bear in mind his welcome weekly call.

Tick—tick—tick—as the time draws near
When we must part with another year.

Tick—tick—tick—as the hands move round,
We hear the clock with its warning sound,

Bidding us heed how the moments all
Pass forever beyond recall;

And how with each brief moment we
Are nearing a vast eternity.

Time is winging its flight away;
And now the close of another day

Finds us waiting to watch the year
Pass from all that is mortal here.

Dying, dying—the old year's flight
Must be with the stroke of the near mid-night;

And the tolling bells, on the wintry air,
Carry the tidings everywhere.
Tolling solemnly, every toll
Carries a pang to a human soul;
Carries a pang where the watchers keep
Their solemn vigils; and bids us weep
For the buried hopes of the distant past,
And the present joys that are fleeting fast.
Where is the heart so light that knows
No dull pain at the old year's close;
At thoughts of those who have gone before
And that which comes to our hearts no more;
Of joys and friends that we valued so
In the shadowy days of long ago.
Two twin spirits are with us yet—
Passionless Memory, cold Regret.
Memory whispers of days gone by,
When hearts were happy, hopes were high;
Ere there hovered to cloud the scene
The shadow dark of IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
And cold Regret, which comes unsought,
Bids us summon long hidden thought,
And another look in sorrow cast
Back to the days of the buried past.
A thousand thoughts are aroused once more—
A thousand forms from the phantom shore
By memory bidden are gathered here
Bidding us think of each by-gone year.
And the flames that play in our chamber grate
Thousands of mocking forms create,
That leap and flicker and disappear
Like most of the hopes we cherish here,
Brief and bright in their fitful gleams
As the visions we knew in our waking dreams.
Dreams and visions alike are dead,
As the flames shall die in the embers red.
A look we give to the past to-night,
As one who stands on a mountain height
And views the path he has journied o'er,
And wonders how many milestones more
He will count on the roadside one by one
Till the goal is reached and his journey done.
Life is our journey, and every year
Is as one more mile in our drawing near
The journey's end; and each New Year's day
Is the milestone to mark our travelled way.

Only the milestones passed we see
But cannot tell of what is to be.

Thus we have journied since life began
In this pilgrimage marked out for man.

And thus 'twill be till our feet at last,
The final milestone of life have passed.

Hope, kind spirit, our path will tend;
Bearing us up till we reach the end;

Bearing us up in the pathway drear,
Gently whispering words of cheer;

Bearing us up when we fain would fall,
Telling of pleasures that wait for all;

Twelve months since there were hopes and fears.
Grief and joying and smiles and tears;

Thousands have joyed and mourned since then.
Thousands will joy and mourn again.

The world moves on in its old old way
And is still the same on each New Year's day.

Thousands who lived when the year had birth,
Have passed forever from life on earth;

They have vanished and we are here,
To struggle again with another year.

To live or to die, for who shall say
Where we may be next New Year's Day.

Ere then, it may be, the troubled breast
Shall lie from cares of earth at rest.

Others our places on earth shall fill,
Living and working for good or ill.

Tick—tick—tick—and near to death
The year breathes out its parting breath;

And the wailing wind and tolling bell
Sound a dirge and a funeral knell.

Far through the air they solemn chime
Requiems sad for departed time;

Time departed and pleasures o'er,
To come again in our lives no more.

Twelve o'clock, and the year has fled
To the ghostly land of its kindred dead;

Twelve o'clock and the bells are rung—
Joy they sing with each iron tongue—

Ringing loudly and with voices clear,
Ringing to welcome the new born year;

Ringing gladly in joy to bear
The welcome tidings everywhere.

Far and wide is the welcome borne,
Telling all of the New Year morn—

Bidding despairing mortals live
For the joys the coming year will give.
"Joy to the desolate heart" they ring;
Hope to the troubled ones they bring.
"Peace—good will to man," they say,
"Courage, faint hearts, on this New Year's day;
"Let the dead past forgotten be;
Brightly in faith the future see;
"Take new courage to live in hope
To conquer the toils wherewith you cope,
"To rest from each toil and care at last,
And lightly laugh at the perils past."
Undimmed by care, and from boilings free
Let our first glance at New Year's be;
Let us be cheerful while we may,
Forgetting the woes of yesterday.
Borrowing not of to-morrow's care
To yield to our deadly foe—Despair.
Sorrow and pain have been ours before—
We cannot think that they now are o'er;
But still in the present we calm may rest,
Looking and hoping aye for the best.
Hope for the best—let the phantoms drear
Pass from our sight with the by-gone year.
"Happy New Year" is the greeting heard;
"Happy New Year" is the Newsboy's word.
Kindly patrons and smiling friends,
The Newsboy's call for the New Year ends;
And he passes on with the wish sincere
For peace and plenty each friend to cheer,
Till another year shall pass away,
And he calls again on New Year's day.
Farewell, patrons! The Newsboy's speech,
Though rude, is meant in love for each;
Kindly take it, nor scorn the lay
That wishes peace on this festal day,
And prays the angel of joy may come
Alike to proudest and humblest home.
This is his wish for each one of you
As fondly he utters the word, adieu.

*January 1st, 1875.*